

CROSS LIARS

We hear about YOUR boss Ross! More to Come ;)

7th MAY
Expose: Why's it Labour day when you don't go to work?



+ CW Zine Confession!

BEER the affordable networking solution? We talk to leading satirists

+ Mark Latham Scabbed off Messenger Special

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Machine and Vice Versa**

A mysterious house

I met up with Heidi from Bent and Skaredy Snake and Brick Brick before. For no reason but to hang out and then later they had band stuff and then a show and before that a removal operation (for Glen, from an old time share house) and I got a free skateboard. We were really proud we said we'd hang out and we did. And it was sweet. Sam and Claus (semi anon names) were there too. It all gives substance to the music. Getting to know the souls behind it. Some people are full of energy and kindness and it rubs off on you, makes you think, even makes you walk differently. Something mysterious and faithful. Thank you.

NEW MEDIA POLITICS

and others advise me to not read Latham Journals.
Anyhow - you're still interesting. K

9 APRIL 17:50

Mark Latham accepted your request.



Thanks very much .

I noticed that my dad had become FB friends with Mark Latham. I seized the moment, bolstered at my apparent privilege of having family connections in politics. Am I not at a weird intersection of politics like Latham? Might he be curious about a youth interested in local and global connections, "giving power away" to little people, as he put it?

So, I clicked the button and said,

Hey Mark Latham, stay in touch with the youths and accept my friend request  Been reading your journals and I'm one of the Christian school kids whose life outcomes you probably influenced back in the day. If you wanna see a weird synthesis of Christianity, conservative Dads, radical leftists, sensible leftists, utter confusion and instinctive working class sense of irrelevance (and possible irreverence?) come ask

me. I dunno what you've been up to much except people I highly respect wish you were PM and others advise me to not read Latham Journals. Anyhow - you're still interesting.

[signed, full name, because I was using a weird pseudonym]

Mark Latham accepted your request.
"Thanks very much, [first name]"

Accepted my message request, that is. I announced that he didn't accept my friend request, even though he accepted my Dad's. Replies:

G. Datson Maybe he is afraid of your name?

Dad: I think that might be the case. But I don't even recall friend requesting Latham.

G. Datson: No one does and suddenly they find themselves damaged...

B: [.gif of aggressive Latham-Howard handshake]

K: So he added you? You remember accepting?
K: Dad, did Mark Latham add you as a friend on facebook?

[no response]

K to Latham: Hi Mr Latham, did you add [Dad's name] first or did he?

Seen, no reply.

K: Would you like to say anything for the zine? I mean I don't want to add to the divisive cynicism that's already there, got a vested interest in not having my family occasions made awkward, with my family dividing along lines of political debates at the moment. One idea is to make up a satirical article about you being victim of coercive control (social work terminology) by a far right person with threats to your life plus some medical complication - totally ambiguous - to diffuse ire on the left and, make the right a bit more sceptical of top-down influences. You were mentioned in a recent Betoota Advocate podcast, actually - did you see it?

I actually have barely any clue. This is improvised. Luckily I got raised with perspective, so I'm not scared of losing career prospects (thought I'd work at a warehouse). But you know, anyone can write and publish on the internet or buy a printer (thanks cheap tech imports).

19:09 (11/05/2018)



How true



M: You too



K: Cheers!



K: What would the sober, sensible, socially conscientious course of action be for somebody like myself, in your opinion? No easy answers, I expect.

More to come..?

ENCOURAGEMENT FOR THE ABC

Public media important. Think, think, think.

TIME MACHINE

Well, may as well cram it all in together. The other weekend and last weekend. Nowhere like the Time Machine, Nambour.

BLOODY HELL. Great show. Bloody hell, Bloody Hell.

The cover of their 7" featuring songs My Boss Ross (very important song about the very important man), 1991 (very important year, I gather) and others, has a smart arse straight out of a Jack Chick tract (that scare mongering hellfire propagandist/preacher *cartoonist*) and BLOODY HELL written on it. Curious contrast between a Anglo southern hemisphere cussing and american smart-arsery. American style fanatical Christianity still lends Michael some fire post deconversion, it seems, writhing around, trying to actually work the crowd instead of standing there. He's roughened up a bit since I saw him last. Got a paperclip (office punk) in his ear that hasn't given him sepsis somehow and works/worked for a union and his shop called SELL OR BE SOLD.

I'm feeling anxious writing this, I want to get this on the press. Go watch the youtube video of these (literally, at least) red-shirted boys which in this instance were Glen Schenau and Joel Robertson (Men With Chips, Body Horror) and a

K Hello! What do you mean?

Okay, the new edition is here (just a draft) if you're curious. Also I reckon, your political trajectory parallels my Dad, a little bit. Really complicated stuff, maybe. Fascinating, really.

[User Account archive.org](#)

M: [big facebook thumb]

K: [returns gib facebook thumb]

K: Ah, guess it's wise to say little. I'm young and dumb though at 25. And it's Friday night, so conventionally, I could be a bit loose, right? I wouldn't do anything too silly, though. Got my life ahead of me.

But I don't know what **you** have to lose? Rudd's old media adviser on Betoota podcast said you have to make a living, but don't you get a pension? It's all confusing to me.

You had a Facebook show called Outsiders?

M: Lay off the drugs mate

K: Hey, hey, do you understand what it's like to grow up as a gen Y in the suburbs, internet as a surrogate for human contact, ending up in a share house with ample beers in the fridge while you study social work?

K: I think if I looked up some honest stats, I wouldn't be more intoxicated than anyone from where you come from. Not that it's relevant here. Anyhow, I've got some local music to see. Hope

you have a good night 😊

drum machine “remotely live programmed as the drummer couldn’t make it”. (before a live Matt Kennedy stepped in for a few songs).

On the train back, somebody said “yeah! we’re going to Brisbane!” and started playing the Go-Betweens (“round n’ round, up and down, on the streets of your town...”) on his phone. While the out of town men slept, and I was awake, having slept n missed the 12 something Brick Brick set (but I got to see their practices!)

BRICK BRICK

Building people up, brick by brick.

That’s how I feel it, at least. Throwing bricks could be a thing, too, bbut very rare.

A group of 3 or 4 people I met at the Betoota Triffid thing said, without knowing I knew them, that they went to Netherworld and there was a band called Brick Brick. They mentioned the drummer, who is Matt K. And I think they liked them or though tthey were alright at least I dunno.

But either way Brick Brick was noticeable. Not just for myself seeing them up close..
Brick Brick is Phoebe BMX, Heidi, Matt K. Churning out heartfelt things before breaking up soon. “I dont want you to die, I dont want you to be alone... I dont want youuu” and “ill make you dinner, keep you alive... “ something like that, was just so much basic empathy fort how I felt in this party scene ending up ni the default position seemingly of looking after sad boys.. (really typical, I can look up social work stats) that I was just calmed and grateful, lying on that sunny couch there, surrounded by mainly kind girls durignj band practica, matt K. “me and my drums” stuck behind the kit, having a rest. It feels better in my body, tangibly, really, when there are girls there understanding paets of my life and I dont have to repress so much, you know. It’s all a bit of a mystery, that gender stuff, but nobody says yea or nay to this arrangement here with bands (that modern invention). Didn’t exist in the bible, you know. New, exciting times.

TERRORIST

Another Terrorist act inflicted on the Brisbane music scene. Are they practicing for future attacks on the broader public here, or are they targeting solely the scene which has managed to survive their presence, and even partially infiltrate them to intensify their tactics to make them even more conspicuous to authorities, more audacious? We don’t know, they’re behind closed doors or screens yet not many have investigated this suspicious activity except from afar, sitting, staring, filming brief portions.

One bystander intervention was by an unlikely hero in front of the skate park of only 13 years of age, who spotted the suspicious activity of carrying and wrapping half a dozen or so metres of orange plastic construction/hazard



fencing around for convenience of carrying and pulled on the unsuspecting Terrorist’s unconventional cargo , spinning him around on the footpath but was tricked by the Terrorist into sympathising, obviously a devious attempt at radicalising, as the Terrorist sympathetically laughed at both their juvenile antics. The ltite traffic man turned green and he said “seriously man, I have to go” and potential recruit let him be on his way.

This Terrorist operation was to take place precisely executed under the cloak of officialdom and respectability afforded by an Official Venue such as The Haunt, with it’s polished antique wood pillars and gold framed ornate paintings. They (Cal, Sam, Mat) were further back from the usual stage the rabble with guitars and other meatier instruments play in and chug beer on and instead, sat neatly in the higher semi-enclosed back section lined with cushioned seats, behind tables. That is what my exclusive journalistic perspective afforded me to see, anyhow, as the rest took semi-obsured pictures of the band through the orange plastic mess wrapped around the entrance poles.

The sounds themselves were some sort or warzone making sense to their jumbled wires of equipment which I had been somewhat privy to

in my infiltration of the band at a houseshow, while the others were distracted by “Three Second Rule, Respect and Obey Authority, The Offspring and other party favourites.

Fun little segue: the police actually were rumoured to have turned up to that house show and Respect And Obey Authority (a band of unnaturally rigid and self-confident musical amateur church kids) was played. It is unclear if they were aware that Terrorist was to play. I ended up speaking in tongues and adding a little rave keyboard riff. I thought I had the holy spirit but I just gave Heidi in the next room nightmares. Sorry Heidi. You know, I think my vocals really were purely intended by I didn't pay enough heed to the demonic sounding vocal effects that's sound clearer than my own voice did to me from the other side of the room.

Anyhow, The Haunt. This warzone sounded like the least human PC shooter, all the more real because you can't really see or do anything or engage with it. You can't hear it and know it's your brother through the wall doing something normal, normal bran exercise. No, these people are outside. You have to use your imagination a bit. Ah but isn't it kind of child-like? Make-believe power if you can't, you know, see your score, buy and sell it, discuss and analyse the obvious themes of the game like who's laser thingo shoots what and why and which identities? Nah. But, but, they could be exercising their cognitive powers, their reflexes, executive functions, logic, or forging healthy relationships on live chat, or, as a regular band, or at least let us see their equipment, give us something to DO here. TERRORIST behind a screen, just TERRORIST and disembodied anger. ARRHHHHH. Isn't there something so pure, so high fashion, high art about that? Fine art gutter punk.

Other news: I.M. FOOD FOR THOUGHT

M: i ran out of goon at around 2am and got angry that it was all gone

K: hahaha

M:



felt so helpless

K: me want more
i want a baby bottle to put it in [censores]
.....

M: you can wear a bib for when you vomit

K: Clicks LibreOffice to make the following notes:

a club where you drink from baby bottles and have a bib in case you vomit and you have dances led by people in a stage and get kicked off the floor to the naughty/boring corner if you dont do the activity. As you get past the door, you get handed a muumuu or other easily fitting garment of the door person's choice. No photos are allowed.

Girls dressed in nightclub attire are only permitted if they try to pass as being dressed in drag. For instance, one breast fillet (chicken fillets) slightly sticking out of a bra, some stubble, bound chests with fake breasts on top (when weather permits), a celebratory, shameless, all-out beer gut, snail trail, hairy legs.

Nightclub politics isn't what I came here to discuss. I want to dress up in drag (there, I let it out). The Faux Queen is out. You know, I probably wouldn't be bothered to do it but i've suppressed performances of liesurely femininity so much that it makes sense to keep it in a nightclub sphere in condensed form. There you go. Awkward me wants to feel nice and attractive. It makes my face grim to say that. No, Let it all out gurl! No, no, there's a reason it's for a time and place and behind mm's of makeup. Shh. Be yourself! Or maybe, I don't wanna be 'myself' for a bit, that's what's fun about it. Free choice. Ahh.

Alright, away from the gender politics rabbit hole and on to other topics that're much less fun but very important and neglected in these zine parts/discourses.

LABOUR FREE DAY [red text]

Today was Labor Day and I did nothing, except find the Woollies shut. When you stick up for the workers, you don't receive the goods or services you could have when you've got the money and they need more of it and also the roads get blocked up.

What industrial action is about is stopping and starting and shouting and making signs and walking in big packs in the city. There are a few men (usually) up the top negotiating conditions in relatively private spaces, some representing the union, and the others the company. On the sidelines there are bleating, self-entitled people accusing the strikers of being bleating and self-entitled and lazy via lazily written internet comments.

Nobody knows what the accounts and daily lives of all involved are and it occurs to nobody to think about who gets what, who deserves what, and whether or not the work is very worthwhile. Nobody is incapable of doing this unless they're too foggy-headed to even approximate what other's lives are like and find the self-respect to evaluate whether they like somebody and whether they are important.

I will do a first here, which is putting a table in the zine to show what I mean (boxed filled in as *rough* examples of the sorts of things big picture thinking shuld factor in):

Some Construction/art/business Site Project				
	Money per year	shit they buy	What they do	How they going
Finance ? Capitalists	Like 3x as much as most ppl	Houses, cars, dunno mansions,	Maths or rhetoric and logic, getting clothes tailored	Mm not too bad/cocaine/benzohell
Middle people	less	I dunno a house, cocaine	Strategies, instructions,	Mm bit stressed atm
Workers	Cant	Drink,	Work	My

	afford what they make everyday	childcare, energy drinks, supplements		back hurts
Interns, apprentices etc.	Enough to make them hate category below	Tafe fees, board, drink, food,	Work	Good 8-) (ahhh!)
Ppl hard to find a job, list of them, all the kinds	Slightly less than above	Aldi spaghetti, antidepressants	Self flaggellate or jerk off	Wanna die and/or yeah fuck off I dont care

Imagine that you can hover over each box for medical details, budget details, sociological research, natural resource & land details, social histories, comparison of consumption items and everything else you need to decide, "do these people deserve this and is this thing any good?"

The common sense avenue is getting to know a lot of people across society, across classes and all that and see how decisions are made. What do they do, what do they think? It's often up to luck here whether you can be one of the world-wise, insider-clued ones (recognised as one, anyhow). There are some very, very tangible barriers to slotting into the groups considered important, even as a fly on the wall, much less as somebody who can picture themselves as somebody, as anybody. You have to research dominant groups sometimes, because you can't be everywhere, or it might be a bit harder to be in the most important place, if you're not the dominant group.

Okay, I'm going to steer this thing around and say that members of powerful classes actually can't fit in anywhere better than we can. If I'm prattling away about oppression, it would make no logical sense is these, uh power relations, were entrenched. I should just shut the fuck up there if I talk like that.

Look how bad the world is kids, especially for people less fortunate than myself. It's like you've got a big mean daddy (we call patriarchy) and if we complain loudly enough, appealing to moral values taught in school, church and pop culture – like saying, "BUT YOU SAID, YOU AGREED WITH THIS" - well he'll cut us a bit of slack gradually if we're still a little charming or too insufferable. But EW guys.

No, no, no...

Alright! Back! The topic here. Look at the payrolls and approximate the stuff people spend their money on. No, first look at the stuff itself and it's potentials, the humans themselves and what they waste their time on, and the EMERGENCY that only is a diffuse sense of anxiety because that adult part of your brain can't think what to DO about the quiet crises behind closed doors of, say, builders who build houses and can't afford to live in them and are slowly wearing their bodies and marriages out, of students and unemployed youths damaging their self-respect and reducing themselves to broken little machines, of somebody stuck on the party train because that ten seconds of singing I dunno a Blink 182 remix wasted at a shit club is the closest thing to camaraderie with their peers and class interest, then not having their health care card sent out because of layers of bureaucratic errors and missing a mental health care plan and eventually being put in meds producing some rare side effect of permanent sexual dysfunction and obesity. Quiet emergencies. And I can't concern myself with them all the time because it'll do my head in without any collective effort and pride on the part of all you with a common interest beyond some abstract statement of getting pissed with your friends or curating a media playlist.

I'm aware I might need to fill in the gaps here because I took years to fill in my own gaps and marvelled at my own newfound ability to write and talk to people and have an opinion. I had the mentality of a slave. But I've been set free! No I have not been set free yet, really, it's a long and ongoing process. You can get moments of salvation though. You know deep down you might know instinctively if you're making a bond that might be useful for the group. Where's

all my fancy uni social research come from? Complete simpletons, children, anybody, cats, dogs, pre-modern peoples, anybody trusting their innate motivation to tell people things. They're not 'go here, do this', just things that are good, genuine.

Doesn't matter what class background technically, it's the essentials that count here. Of course, it would be illogical to critique privileged people (as a general category) without assuming that the things people are privileged to get or be aren't all morally degraded. The degradation lies in the inequality and the embarrassing naivety or cowardice of ignoring others.

CLICKBAIT TOPIC

People drink to be less of arseholes is a point that is kind of uh, true and um, enough diverging from some other shit u hear to seem profound. Um. So what do you do with that little tweetable quote there, scroll past, giggle and drink lolz im an arsehole I hate people cbf talking to them dfkjhdkj YEAH ME TOO u wanna get a drink?

BETOOTA ADVOCATE TRIFFID 6/5/2018

Well I dunno where that came from but, I'm recalling my social trajectory visiting a venue down the road I never go to, with the classic brisbane band murals and stuff (but that seems to never host local bands). The Triffid it is.

This time flown in was the Betoota Advocate, hosting a free party. So, I would cautiously wander in, poke my head in, survey the scene like the journalist I decided I am (wanting a job to mask my social inertia at the place nah I mean contributing to something great in contemporary Aus media [one of the only things, soz friendlyjordies you've been supplanted]) and having nothing else planned. So I chuck on my old usual outfit, folded up zines, charged the camera and walked with my savvily dressed housemate.

I'm not an arsehole really but , got to admit to giggling and pointing. This is a PARTY. One of THOSE parties, a real youth's party, I mean it's a brand party with party games and fun props and a

dj on a real stage with a hat and actual gear not just a laptop in the PA. Another thing was BABIES, dads with beer in one hand, toddler in the other, looking a bit shy, and couples and, well come to think of it, people just as insular and awkward as us two while a bunch of dudes aged late 30s-40s generally surrounded who I guessed were the Betoota guys because of the hats.

I counted three acubra hats, actually, and there was a bouncer who looked pretty much exactly like the guy on the poster and, there was an air of suspicion about the thing. You know in my paranoid ramblings how I talk about the media beind the scenes conspiracies as a joke but you know, those ramblings don't come from nowhere, I'm curious. Not troubled, but speculative. Too much love and empathy in me I hope to be really paranoid but these thoughts like, "what if this is some kind of data collection operation?" or, "what if it is a test to their general audience to see if they will recognise the REAL betoota advocate, and it was that bouncer all alone who nobody would talk to, the poor working man wandering around?" I tried to confirm these suspicions but the bouncer said he'd never heard of the site. I said Id believe him if he said he was one of them but ah. Well I didn't hold the poster right up next to his face (who was that third guy?) Anyhow. Look at me, I've got the beer from the best news site, at the cool party. We all read articles on the itnernet and it's brought us here today. We want to meet the famous guys even, perhaps, who made us smile over breakfast, and find other people who like slightly smug but compassionate takes on all demographics. They need our overwhelming encouragement, to feel like their intellectual and social labour is crucial or, that they can sit around and clebrate themselves for a bit on the fame rollercoaster and -----no they need us to buy their beers so they don't go broke and also, give food for thought and, think I did both.

This is an EMPIRE I was thinking, a brand empire. I am a type of person who goes to this kind of thing. OF COURSE you're going to a media event/hip party. That make sense? You snooty weirdo who wants to go where stuff's happening. You snooty weirdo for going and not being sure who to talk to. Anyhow, THATS FINE. Paint me a brand whore because betoota

bitter is delicious actually. THIS IS THE BEER OFF THE WEBSITE, AND I HAVE TWO OF THEM.

Those odd qualms there that made me wonder if I'd a mildly cynical arsehole, tall poppy syndrome, too-cool-to-act-like-a-sycophantic-fan are actually what warmed me to the event in the end, as the purpose of the event was to meet people in person and thus minimise the visual clutter and social alienation of distant brands and authorities. It feels weird to be a fan because you can't get lazy and let some idols think for you, you have to hold them account (as cultural leaders). Anyhow, just cause their logo's everywhere and they write the witty articles, doesn't mean you can't talk to em. Are they arseholes? I don't get that impression (or at least, I focus on the introspection and rural alienation that might've formed their eagle-eye social perceptiveness) but if they are arseholes then that's a great story, isn't it? (Come on, write one about me, the zine writer, if I haven't pre-empted every criticism yet...)

I think I get a feel for what they're actually doing now. Out of respect for them, and respect for myself, I have to think about what it actually is that they've done and been through. Their wit and their organisational skills aren't about mysterious talent. Everybody has a talent (to me not being a social retard at 15 is a talent). "Everyone's funny" said that comedian on their podcast, that they posted the day after this event. Oh and everyone's tired too I bet. No but they ARE talented. Who Errol Parker (pen name) reminds me of is Donald Crump (both of them in person). Just a few little factors of difference making one the one sitting with the PM and the other writing about shards and getting called a creep by girls on facebook. Could be a troll getting banned or shouted down on a shitty forum with one or three idiots giggling at screens, some recovering alcoholic taking to writing to replace the storytelling of pub yarns, but somewhere along the way the Betoota guys were in just the right place and picked up the right skills. Coudve been tradies too. My Scottish friend the seaside factory worker. My point is, they're all great. They dignify the average person more than they deride with satire, I think. They want to appeal to a common sense of decency

and calm realism that levels society a bit (in the abstract, at least). I could note some examples of their coverage of a spectrum of demographics, comparing the snideness versus humanising tones talking about groups and I think it's largely ethical.

One thing I did notice at this gathering was, though, that this day was sort of a adjunct labor day celebration. "Mad work hours". There was a kind of hard working Gen X kind of feeling. People kind of tired, married couples, bit of jadedness, maybe? Ordinary, smart, pretty affable but little on the quiet side people. There isn't anything wrong with that, but they're gonna stay like that, the country's gonna stay the same unless those politicians rubbed shoulders with have some real accountability along the line. Betoota are a protective factor against weird extremism of all sorts, I think, against being too full of yourself. What I don't know is, how do these people vote, think, talk to the weird relatives, feel everyday with this kind of gaze on the world? I should know I guess. And an event in Newstead dominated by complacent seeming white yuppie types (apart from a Polynesian looking group, which was cool to see), more on the male side, doesn't reflect their whole impact.

My cynical self thought, "ha, look at all those guys constantly standing around the Betoota guys (assuming it's them), maybe I could say, 'hey is this the Brotoota Advocate?'" Yeah, anyhow, with a bit of encouragement from somebody (not that I was SHY just that I didn't want to be like a, a networker, attention whore, a spammer, um, anything but a friendly, genuine person) a girl from Tassie I'd met an hour before, I stood around the circle of guys next to the bar, awkwardness bolstered (I mean disregarded) on the strength of my conviction that those men would probably not have that much more interesting things to say and there should be equality or something. I asked this man next to the suspect in the hat, "is he one of the guys?" and he said he was, and kindly got his attention for me. Over-scrupulous mind though, 'hey this guy is nice, why am I talking to the big privilege guy, um, I don't want the mentality of somebody climbing over crowds of extras to get to the famous person.' So I looked him in the eyes for a

second. Which I hope wasn't a weird state. I radiate love and kindness, I hope.

Anyhow, I turned to the person I was after. Here's an approximate (around 1/4th lied or out of order) account of our interaction.

"whoch one are you, Clancy or Everoll..?"
"Errol Parker.." "oh k I'm [name]" [shakes hand]
"editor of Crossz Wiores... you bough a lot of joy like.. so like, where youse from? Me n my sister had a fight about I fit was brisbane or sydney.."

"I'm from Dubbo, I grew up on a farm. Big open plains. It hadn't rained for a year so Dad said I may as well be a doctor instead of a farmer, conceding that I had to find a job, despite the previously assumed unimportance of academic pursuits. But I couldn't do that (I'm not sure I was bright enough) so I became a journalist instead. I worked in Canberra for a while but lost my job during the Fairfax restructuring. They had an orange envelope on everybody's desk who was going to be fired and I got to my desk and found one under the keyboard, after arriving before sunrise (as my conservative work ethic bade me to)."

"that suks lol that happ;end tp my dad kinda, hety can I spam you with one of thsse things ? Its my writing"

[Pulls out creased, possibly beer stained zines from jacket pocket, glances at beer in hand]

"//Id buy you a beer btu [vaguely gestures at logo] they're your ones, do you ge tthem for free?"

"Oh, it's just something we have to pour money into occasionally. It's not a gold mine or anything."

"o ok... yeah ive come to terms with not making any kin d og gain for this news stuff, I mean it msut be har dwork fo ryou even I work har don these shitty zines"

.....

"Should earn something.." (??)

"oh. im good at making rice and lentils. I've gotten used to my humble student allowance but

I think I see what you mean. if someone benefits from from your work and you can demonstrate that fact (particularly if it's financial benefit), you should ask for something in return as a matter of principle. Of self-respect.".....

"We spent a few years writing stuff like this. "You should put it on the internet."
K: "ohhh I do! it's on archive.org"

E: "Haha."

Vaguely gestures at writing in hand, interrupting Errol's reading. "it's anah that aritclces shit, um, I wa statrtfggje-"

E: "Can I have your email address? So I can contact you?"

"oh if I can find a pen um, maybe they have one [bar staff]," "do you gave a pebn?"
"oh um I know ash who does your graphic design"

"Really?"

"Yeah, not heaps well but I've met him a few times uhfd same groudf dfhdkhfpluhh/

Errol: places a phone with 'add contact' open on the counter like a normal person in 2018

k: looks, types, thinks, its the guy who does the article's phone im writing on wooooooooooooowww right, um the other sections what kind of format is this? Is it correct? Did I misremeber? Why do I have ao many email addresses? The phone is um sentimental? He actually wants to contact me?

E: "Proton mail?"

K: [vaguely thinkg about the text boxes]

"ah um there was my uni emal tha ti check more oftdnfkjnah"

E: something

K: "wha?"

E: "I'm gonna go [bathroom or beer or talk to others or something I forgot]"

K: thinks about handshake vaguely, perceives hug initiation

K: "Oh okay"

Sober thoughts: Did he mean to give me a handshake or did he want to hug me? Was certain he initiated the latter but... oh, who knows.

Then he tipped his cowboy hat and I mingled with the crowd, glancing up at him gazing over it and the inflated flamingo occasionally, conspicuous hat and beer in one hand, staid, slow, entirely lacking in cynicism even, head up high only the occasional snicker in conversation cluing you in.

Oh and the DJ did an ironic hits of the 90s session and they danced to Cotton Eye Joe. :-)

(nah cheap shot at the hats, best I can do)

I'm going to log on to Proton Mail. Anyhow, Betoota is always classic.

And hey who the fuck else in journalism hosts free public parties with delicious \$5 beers and stands around to talk? Demographics for it aside (your OWN asocial tall poppy anxiety aside), isn't that really sweet? My own scepticism melts when I think of lonely country boys in the context of this weird party, colourful props like you'd never have got at the farm, standing there to the side staring at nobody in particular with a big hat, camped out and quietly chatting to anybody who comes up. Who'd have thought? There's a lot of satire but they made it all work, along with people behind the scenes* Competent enough to work with others.

There's a Betoota article about everyone, their loving but critical gaze extends far. They're soft on the oppressed, rub brats up the wrong way potentially, but make friends across the parliament floor ('friends'? I dunno, I might have some viewing to do tonight, some catching up like with the podcast) because it's empathy and good humour that seems like the foundation.

Now of course, have to not paper over the criticisms i've hinted at – the detached

privileged** gaze, the pretty exclusive/inaccessible seeming identity,, the lack of real leadership about what to actually do about any of the problems insinuated. But see, that's normal. You have to lay some foundations before you start acting like you know a lot. You know they're in their twenties too? (I think?? give em a bit of grace, anyhow) Shit, we have a long while to go.

* one who is (ahh sorry, again I'm referring to stuff familiar with me) Ash Nixon and I wonder how big it've been without his design, or without the web design. (Coincidentally, I think he did the three stump Rosalie Nihilists cricket logo. That slowness of cricket, that practical, collective mindset (Ash showed me how to play pool at Paddo once, no ulterior motive, precise explanation of strategy, and I was good at pool for once). You know, (if you'll permit me to talk about ppl I know again) I think a Betoota article was about them making a podcast of their pub banter.

** Privileged? That could mean a) the backbone collective survival as people who have practical skills to fall back in in absence of that society (eg. builders, farmers, fishers, healthy handy persons, false sense of invincibility, survivalists with land) or b) people with money and cultural capital that'll keep them going for a while with the current arrangements, at least. The latter is more brittle than the former but both allow a kind of fearlessness. I've always deluded myself into thinking I could be the former, and a tiny bit of the latter with enough savings to stock a nuclear bomb shelter and some, well I know I could breed at least (survival privilege) stockpile makeup and bibles and shit I dunno

YOU'RE FINE

For the time being, anyhow, in terms of surviving. There's the occasional scare to keep us on our toes and not be tempted to be welfare or student allowance or parent dependant, I guess, but that doesn't mean even the conservatives of the bunch don't understand the utility of welfare. They'd have to be some psychotics out there if they did want to systematically leave you (assuming you can function enough or have somebody who cares about you who functions

enough, to walk you through the money-getting process or food-getting process). I mean people who would actively make the judgement that you probably could not survive and gamble on your life and health on purpose.

I GUESS I'm fine. But there a lot of people who are too limited or understand the limited, or too detached and/or power tripping to care. Or plain old stuck at a faulty node at a desk in the system where the node is just faulty and the signal weakens or diffuses out around the office or unexpected places.

Either way it's good to prepare for the future. It might be financial preparations or it might be practical preparations. I tend to lean towards the physical/practical, like cast-iron frying pans or canned foods and bikes and, and – I could name everything that could go wrong, logically, or NO not everything, no, I don't know what's going on, who's doing what, whether it's working out for them, how much all the stuff's going to last, oh neither do the med students, nurses, doctors, journalists... unless you know lots about the world...and it'll only matter if you give a stern talking to -or inform others who will – people who control the stuff.

Meanwhile, i'm taking care of all the little daily life things. Could I be a person who talks to the people who control stuff? Yeah of course I can. See look here (I can try)

No wait actually. Talk to people who talk to the people who control stuff. Can do that. TRY

Bank

I I went to the bank today to sort out some things and the guy asked if I got up to anything interesting and I said "yes, an event at the Triffid with the betoota advocate, a satirical.. m" "oh I love betoota, a friend of mine went to their beer launch (or something) at the orient (or something) and he loved it, they ran out of beer" "oh it's a pretty good beer" "yeah I like it a lot" or something like that. He had the tone of a bank person but he knew about it, he liked it, and I thought efficiency is good.

Thank you! Xox



Illustration 1: That'll do thank u!

